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IN HEAT

AN IN TOUCH FOR MEN PUBLICATION

NUMBER 6 • ADULTS ONLY • $8.50

THE BOYS OF VENICE

SUPERMARKET SPECIAL

SHOOT MY PICTURE

WET & WILD

D.J.'S MEN

NAVY BLUE

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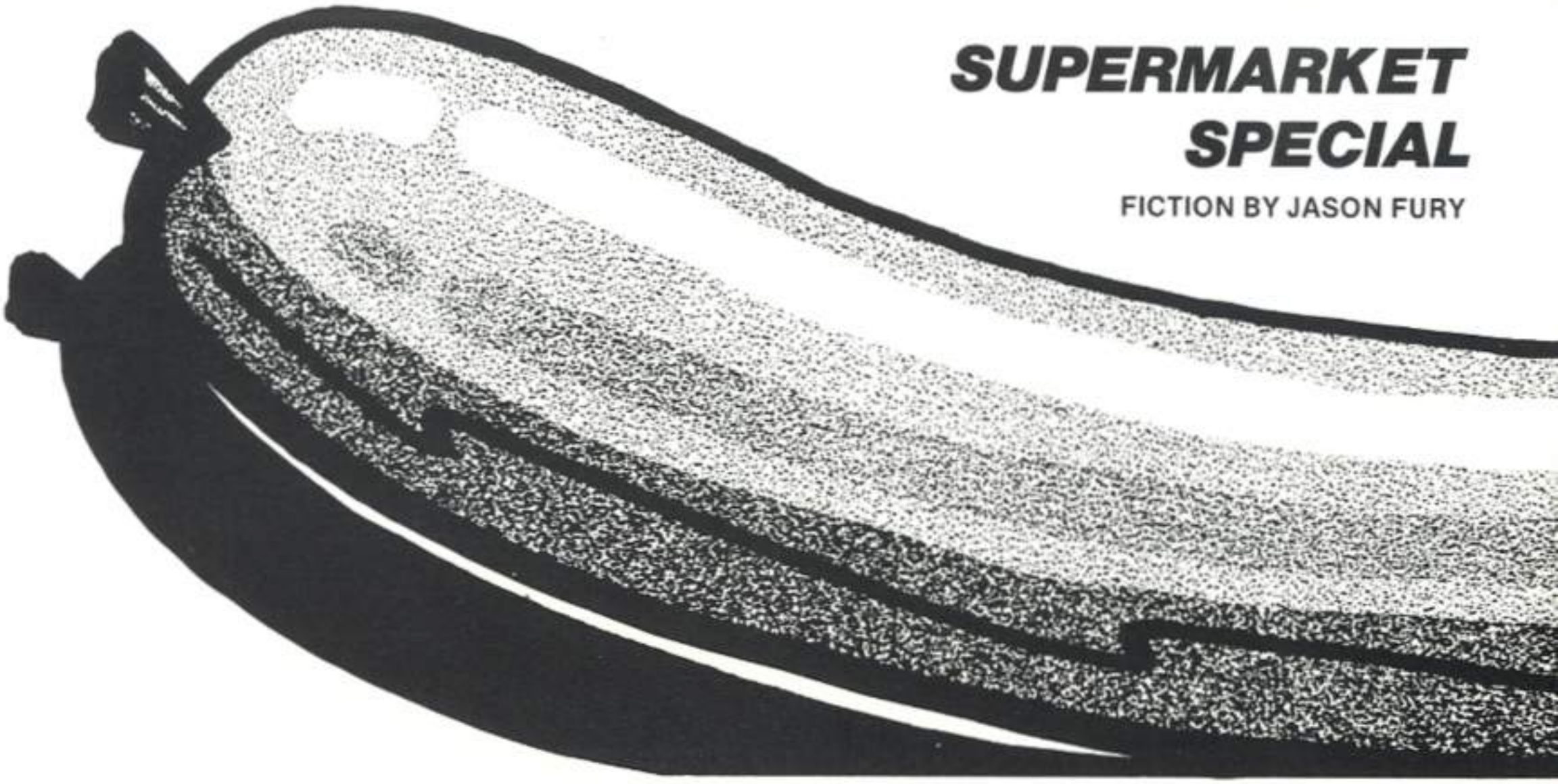
AFTERNOON DELIGHT

PHOTOS BY COSCO

SUPERMARKET SPECIAL

FICTION BY JASON FURY



Ricky *had* to have sour cream. "Jordan, we need it for this beef stroganoff. You can still find a supermarket open if you look hard enough. Now, be a good little stud and get it for me."

He bustled around the kitchen, getting lettuce and other vegetables out of the fridge, checked on the wine chilling in the bucket (*my* idea), put the rolls in the oven and. . . .

It was the night of our anniversary dinner. Ricky and I had been together for a year now. Both of us taught at the local college—he, English and I, phys. ed. We met over beef stroganoff at a faculty dinner one night a year ago and now, I wasn't sure how long it was going to last. He was playing around. I would catch him at it and he would swear to never do it again and I'd forgive him and then a few weeks later I'd come across a telephone number or an address or hear him on the telephone and . . . besides that, he likes to boss me around. Thinks I'm just a meathead because I'm a jock. He puts me down for keeping in trim and working out although he doesn't seem to mind the results. But I still like Ricky. He's got a cute little way about him and. . . .

"Can't you cook it without the damned sour cream?" I growled. I sat at the table that night sipping a beer and munching on potato chips with my feet propped up on a chair. I knew it irritated the hell out of Ricky. But, shit, it was my kitchen, too. "I don't like sour cream. Ugh. Just put some milk in that beef stuff and let it go."

I saw my roomie stiffen, stare at the wall, put the butcher knife down slowly on the counter. He turned and smiling tightly came over to me. Uh oh. He was mad.

"Jordan, dahling. It's *got* to be sour cream. Please, just do it! For me." He sat down in my lap and ran his hands over my chest and began playing with my right nipple, his favorite one. For some reason, it hardened faster and became bigger than my left one. "Look, Tarzan," he continued softly, "if you do it, I'll do you-know-what with you tonight."

I gulped on my beer and wiped my mouth with the back of my hand. It is easy to forgive Ricky his sins and weaknesses when he does you-know-what. I stood up, nearly dumping him on the floor.

"Well, if you gotta have it, you gotta have it," I muttered. Ricky ran a hand over the front of my jeans which were cut off almost at my balls. One was sticking out and he squeezed it and tucked it back in. My cock began stiffening and started inching down my thigh.

"Ha!" laughed Ricky. "You'd better go quick, Jordan, or neither one of us is getting anything to eat."

And hell, I was hungry. So I started for the door and Ricky called out: "If you go like that, half-naked, people are going to be raping you right and left."

"If that happens, I'll try saving some for you," I yelled and bounced down the steps and out to my VW convertible. Shit, I didn't care if it was hanging out and those shorts were all I had on. It was hot and when it's hot in Charlotte, North Carolina, watch out. It's a bitch. I started driving.

It was ten o'clock. Everything was closed. I passed by one food store after another, and couldn't find even a fucking convenience shop. Fuck Ricky! He was always forgetting something important. I could be ready to sit down after a hard day at school and he would stick his head out the kitchen door and say: "Oh, Jordan, I forgot to buy sugar. Can you get some?" Or, "Jesus, Jordan. I forgot the rolls. You mind getting some?" Always Jordan this and Jordan that. Not that I minded doing my share of the household chores. I took care of all the maintenance work, washed the windows, took the garbage out, fixed a dead lightbulb now and then, all the heavy stuff. And his only job was to fix the meals, keep the kitchen clean and sweep the floor. I did all the rest. And while I was out shopping for things he forgot, he was sneaking across the hall to visit that retired Marine officer. Oh, Ricky said that wasn't true but he didn't know I had found a Polaroid snapshot of that burly bruiser—in the nude—stuck under Ricky's underwear in the dresser.

I was about ready to turn the car around and head for home when I saw the building at the end of the block. I drove closer. The Barris SuperMarket. Shit. Closed, too. But no . . . wait. A car was still parked in front and some lights inside were on. Might give it a try anyway.

I tapped at the door, saw a movement behind the glass, the shade was pulled back; a face stared at me; the eyes traveled from my face down to my toes; then, the door opened.

A man in a white apron stood there. He was young, probably in his late twenties. Very slender. Blue eyes, brown hair. He looked tired. But he smiled anyway and he glanced at my right nipple. It was still stiff like an eraser where Ricky had been toying with it.

"Can I help you?" he asked.

"Yeah, I'm looking for some sour cream. You got any?"

He hesitated before answering and then answered: "I might have some in the rear of the building. Whyn'cha come on back and we'll see if we can find any?"

Sure. Appreciate it."

I stepped inside and he closed the door behind me and locked it. As we walked between the rows of canned goods I saw him looking over at me several times.

"You play football or something?" he asked. "Those shoulders and legs of yours are damned big."

"Naw," I breathed and threw my chest out further. "Played in college. Now I teach it and other things about keeping your body in shape."

"How you keep that stomach so flat?" he asked and reached over and patted it. "All those little muscular ridges and things?"

"About two hundred sit-ups a day," I answered. "Hard as a board. Go on. Hit."

"Might hurt you."

"Naw. Go on. Do it."

We stopped and I put my hands, clasped, behind my neck and made my stomach hard. Constricting it like that caused my jeans to droop down to the pubic hair. The man timidly tapped my abdomen and at my urging, finally hit it hard with his fist.

"Wow!" he gasped admiringly. "You got

some muscles."

"They'll do. Now, about that sour cream?"

"Sure. Come on back here. Sort of dark but we might can find it."

We went through some doors into the rear of the building, passed boxes and cartons and crates, and then into the refrigerated portion. He found me a carton of the white stuff and then I saw him pause at a section with chilled wine and snack foods.

"Care for some wine? A little snack? I always have some before I go home."

I thought: what the hell. If Ricky could forget to buy that damned cream yesterday, I could forget about the time.

"Sure, sounds okay."

He pulled out two bottles of chablis, a package of hard American cheese, a huge salami, and we went out to the larger room and sat down on some empty wooden crates. He pulled a wine uncorker from the wall, opened our wine, then withdrew a pocketknife and began slicing some of the meat and cheese onto paper towels.

"By the way," he said, wiping his hands on his apron, "I'm Harold Barris. I manage the store."

I told him my name and we shook hands. He took his apron off. It *was* getting warm back there. I sweat easily and already it was trickling down my chest.

He stuffed a chunk of salami into his mouth, then some cheese, and washed it down with the wine. His eyes flicked over my chest and then fastened on a ball that had squeezed out of my shorts; it was big and pink.

"You're hot looking," smiled Harold. "You need to cool off."

"Got any suggestions?" Ummm. The wine *was* good.

"Whyn'cha take off your shorts?"

I shrugged. If he wanted them off, he could do it. He stood up and began removing his clothes. His skin was pale but firm looking and his cut prick was rapidly on the rise. He came over to me with a bottle of the amber beverage we were drinking . . . and began dribbling it over my head and chest. Gasping—Jesus, it was cold!—I turned my face up and opened my mouth: the wine tasted even better like that. It ran, joining the sweat, into my navel, down into my crotch. I unbuttoned my jeans and slipped them off. Harold kept letting the wine splash over my prick, which was stirring, and my balls, which were churning.

I leaned back agaist the wall and stretched my legs wide. Harold put the bottle down beside me and stooped forward. His lips kissed my tits and then sucked and licked them. His wet, soft tongue trailed down my stomach, licking up the wine, swallowing, into my navel which he cleaned out. His face hovered over my cock: his fingers pulled the foreskin back and the head slid out, all wet and purple. He squeezed it so the slit in the head widened; he stuck his tongue down there so far in that opening that I moaned and then he began sucking the whole damned thing. He held my balls tight against the base of my dick and he took turns mouthing each one, as if they were apples or plums. The carton of sour cream was on the floor beside me. I picked it up, removed the lid and got me a handful of the lukewarm, white pulp—and then spread it around my balls and cock; quickly, Harold began licking it up, cleaning every morsel of it off with his energetic tongue. Now, my pole stood to full attention and the veins bulged out like at tree stump.

"Stand up and stoop over," I whispered and dragged his mouth away from its fleshy lollipop. He obeyed and put his hands on the wooden crate on the floor with his ass jutting up in the air. I ran some fingers into the hairy crack. Wow, his hole was there close to the surface, instead of buried deep down between the cheeks like Ricky's. I got some more of the cream and patted it into the dark opening. Then, I got that big tube of salami and positioning it at the beginning of the crack, I began pushing it in.

Harold gasped and braced himself tighter. "Harder!" he whispered. "Get it in there, dammit!" I pushed and twisted it until my fingers holding the end of it could go no further. I pumped it, like a plunger, and it began making squishy and sucking noises.

"Now yours," cried Harold. "Get that meat out and put yours in."

Slowly, I withdrew that wet column of meat and began stroking mine up and then I slid it in, easily, filling it up. I began fucking him and fucking him and while the sweat ran down my body on to his, I saw the cheese. Without breaking stride, I reached over and broke off a morsel and put half into my mouth and stuffed the rest into Harold's. I gulped down some wine and then poured the rest over Harold's head; he turned his face sideways with his mouth open and I let some dribble in there.

My balls were ready to explode with their load and I told Harold I was ready to shoot.

"Let me see it," he cried and I yanked it out and he turned around and was able to catch the first blast—square in the face. I fell back, breathing heavily and I stooped down and slid my lips around his dick, sucking him and soon I felt his juices swirling around in my mouth. Both of us lay there on the floor, wet and naked, hungry and horny. We opened up some more wine, drank it, had more cheese and cold meat and then we loved each other again, back there in the rear of the supermarket.

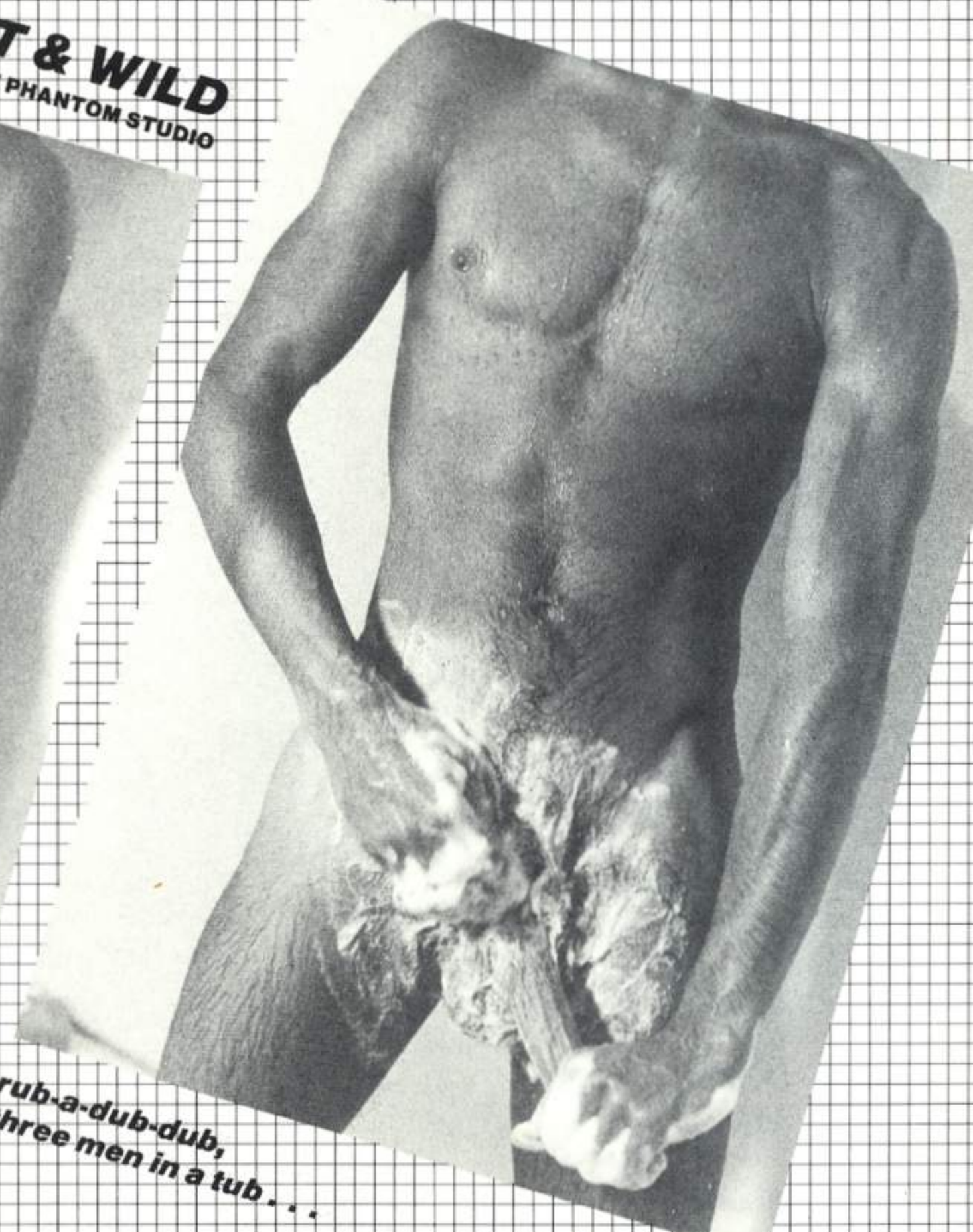
I never knew how that beef stroganoff of Ricky's tasted. I moved out the next morning to his yells and name-callings—"Meat headed lug"—although I hear he, in turn, moved in with the ex-Marine officer that afternoon. It's a lot quiter now with Harold.

We love each other a lot and groceries are mucho cheapo.

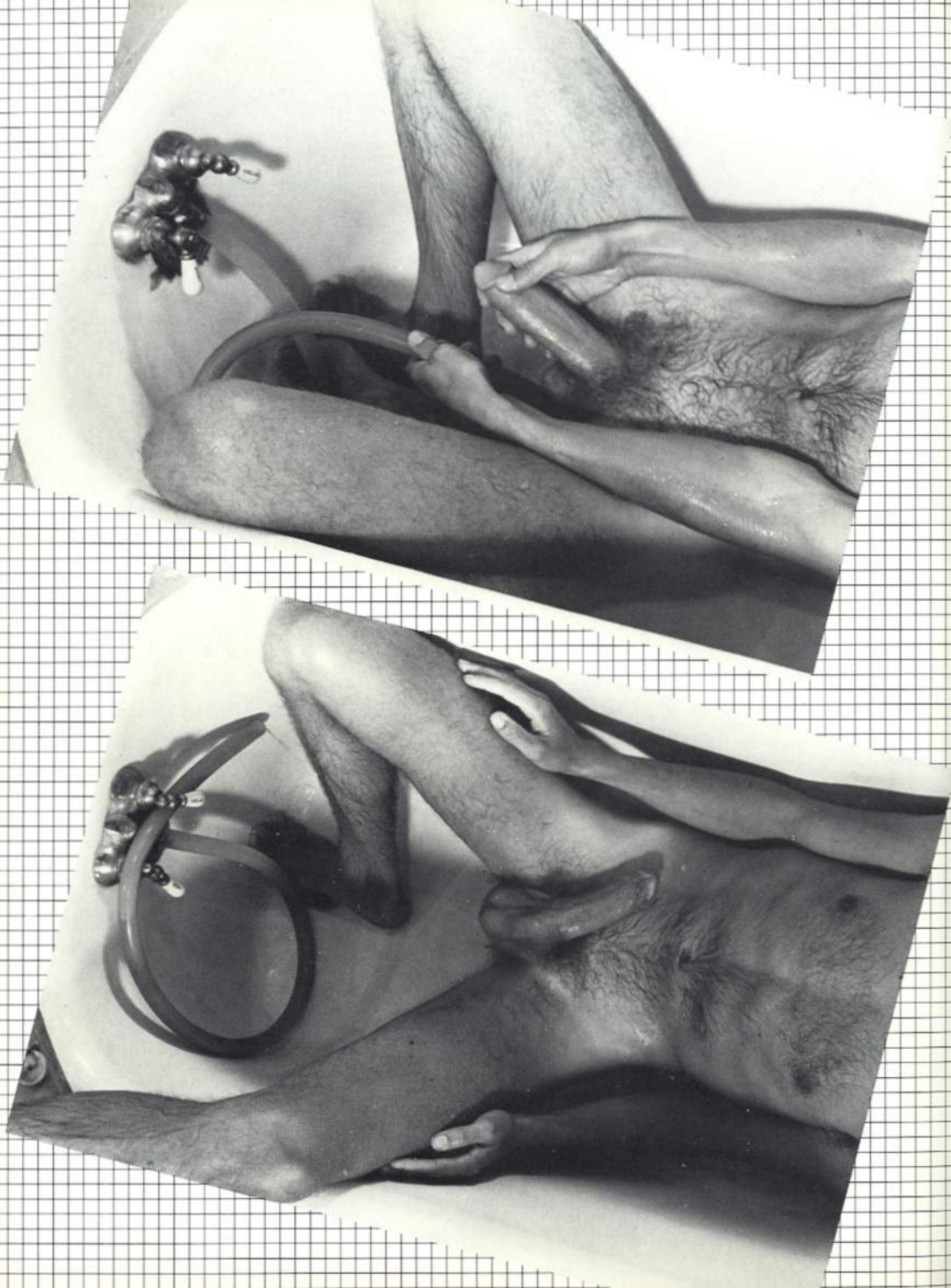
Something else. And you know, he does you-know-what a hell of a lot better than Ricky. ■■

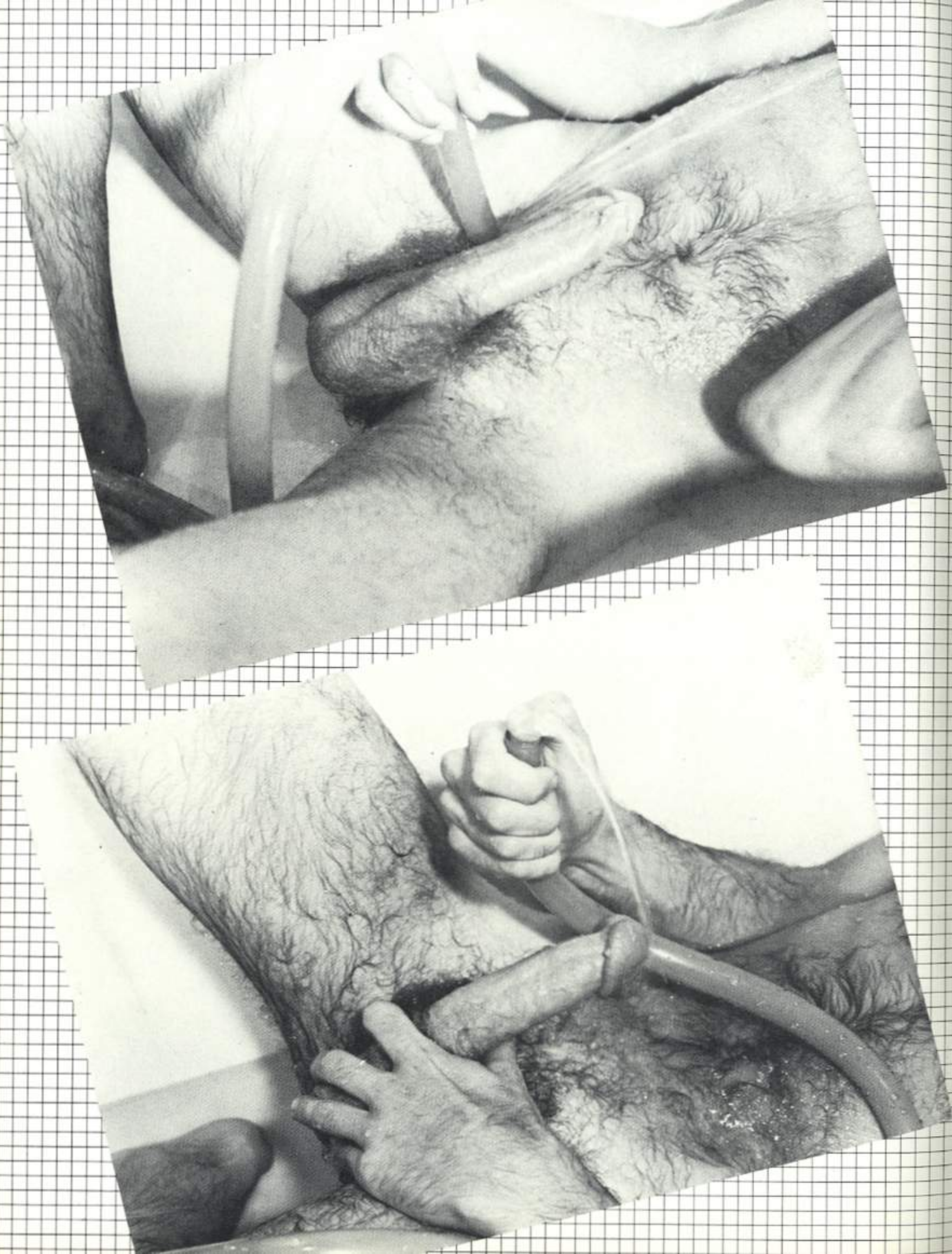
WET & WILD

PHOTOS BY THE PHANTOM STUDIO



rub-a-dub-dub,
three men in a tub . . .





THE BOYS OF VENICE

PHOTOS BY WILLIAM HIGGINS PRODUCTIONS

Kip Noll vs. Emanuel Bravos!

For information regarding home viewing of THE BOYS OF VENICE, write
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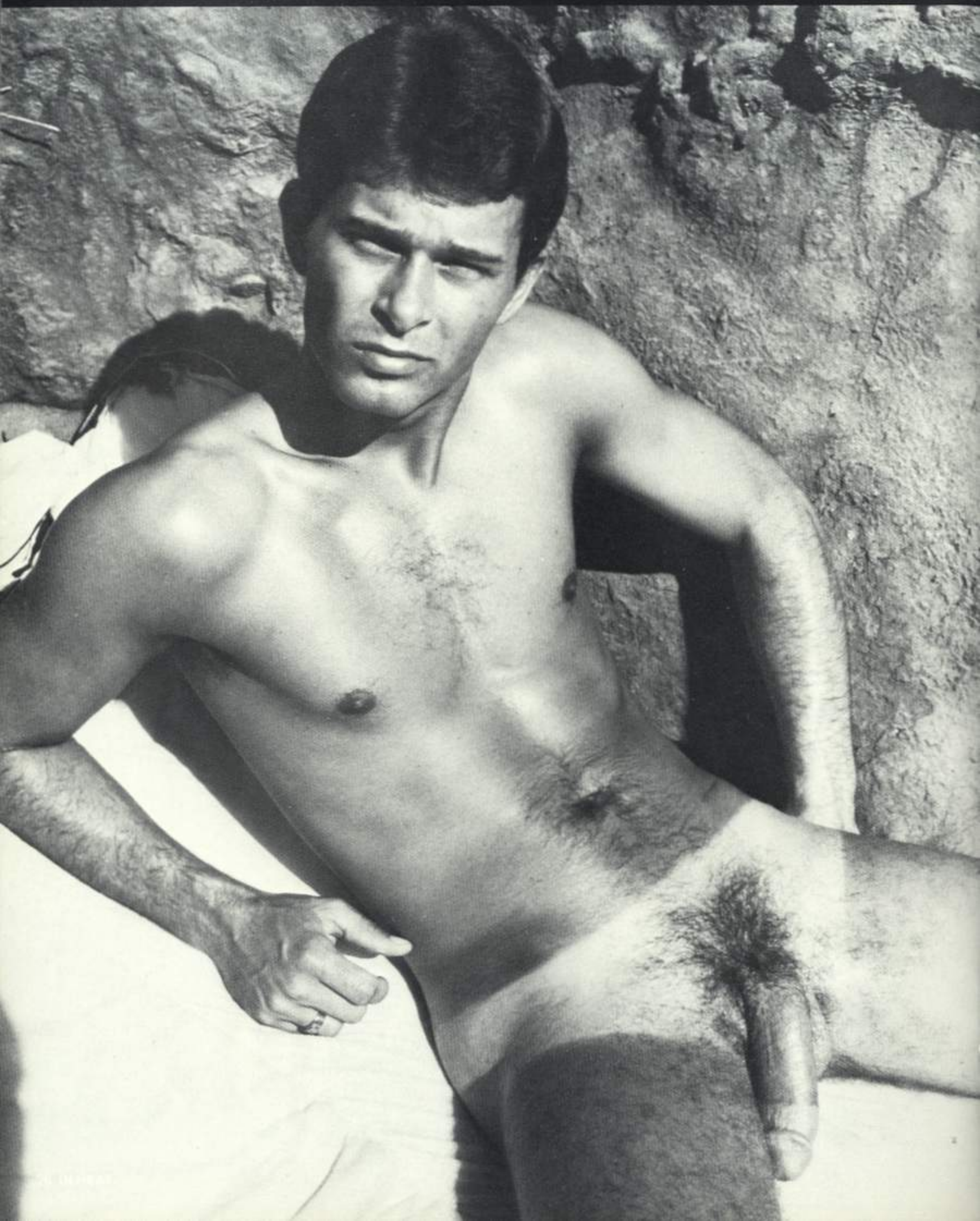
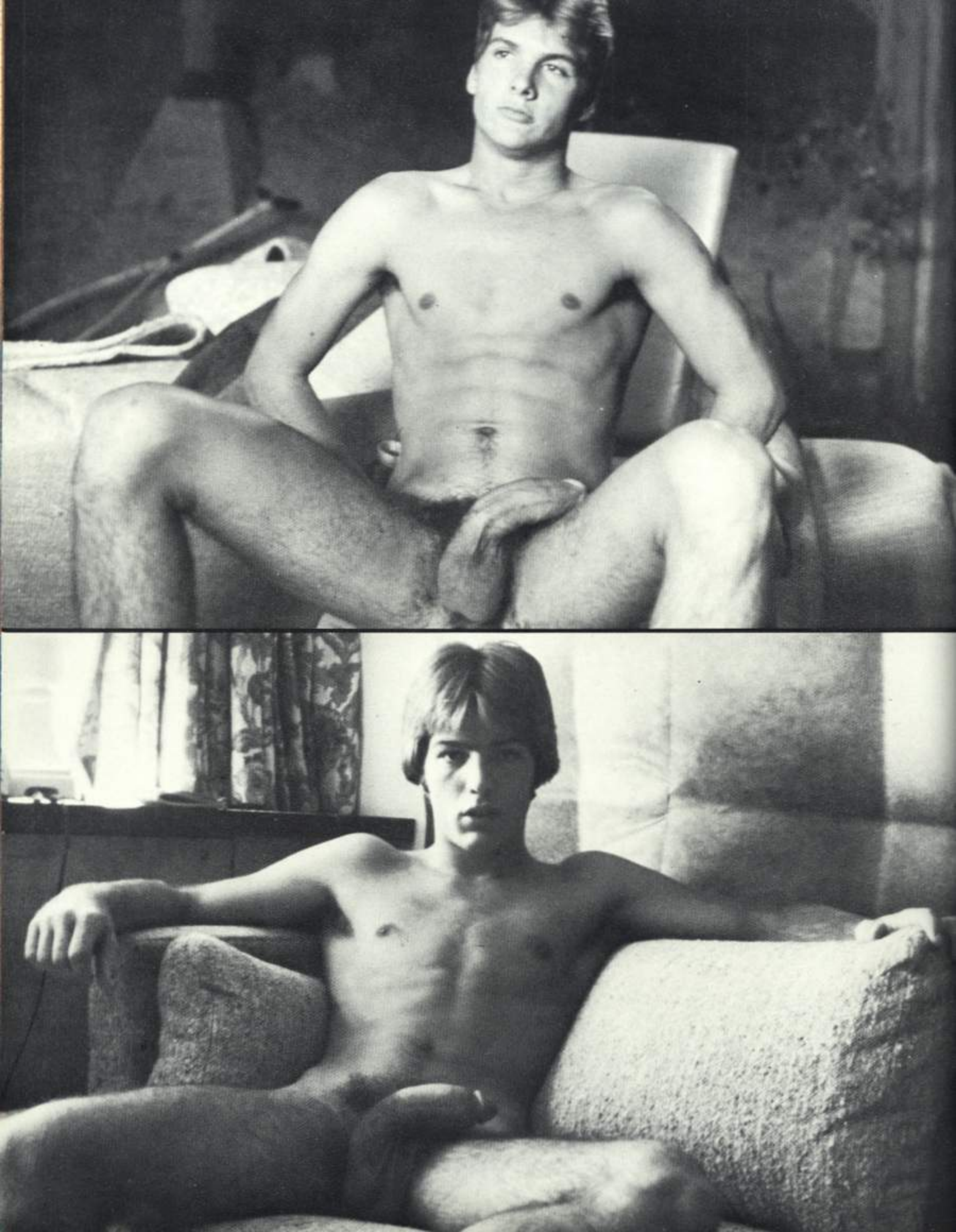
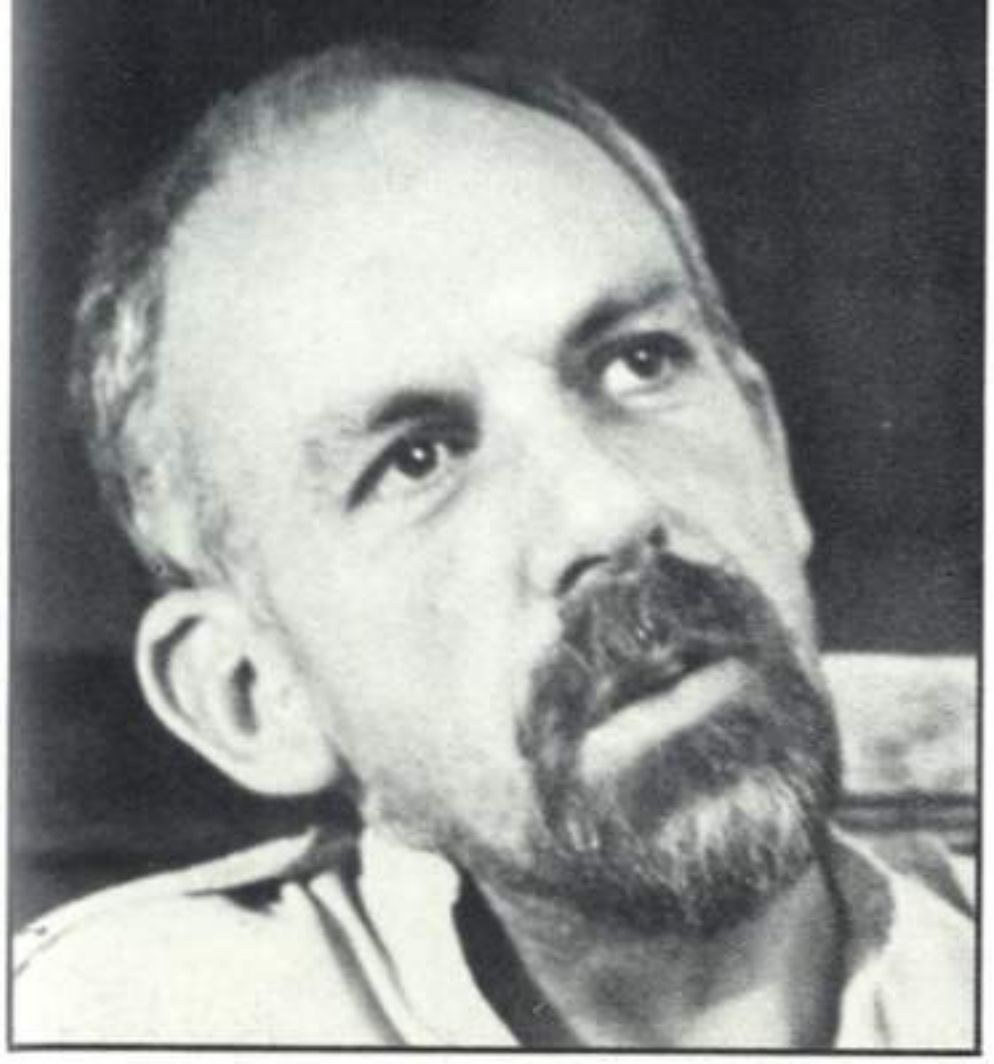
D.J.'S MEN

PHOTOS BY D.J. GARRETT





"STILL LIFE WITH DISAPPEARING JOCK STRAP"



PHOTOS BY PAUL DRAKEFORD

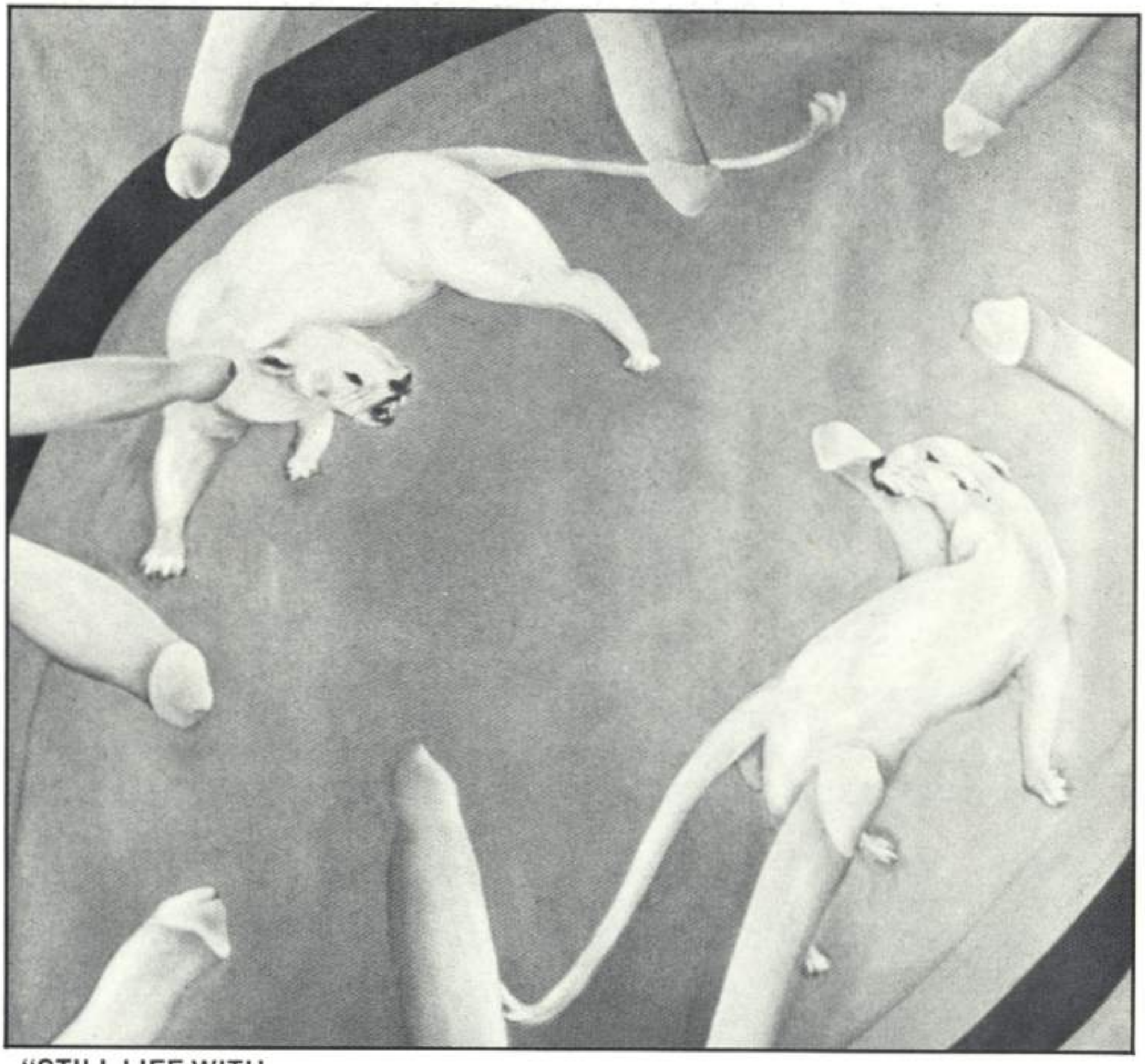
2 BY STUART BLACK

It took two years of living in San Francisco for Australian artist Stuart Black to fully develop his erotic style. "What I had to say about my fantasies could not be said in Australia," he observes. "In San Francisco I was free to reveal everything."

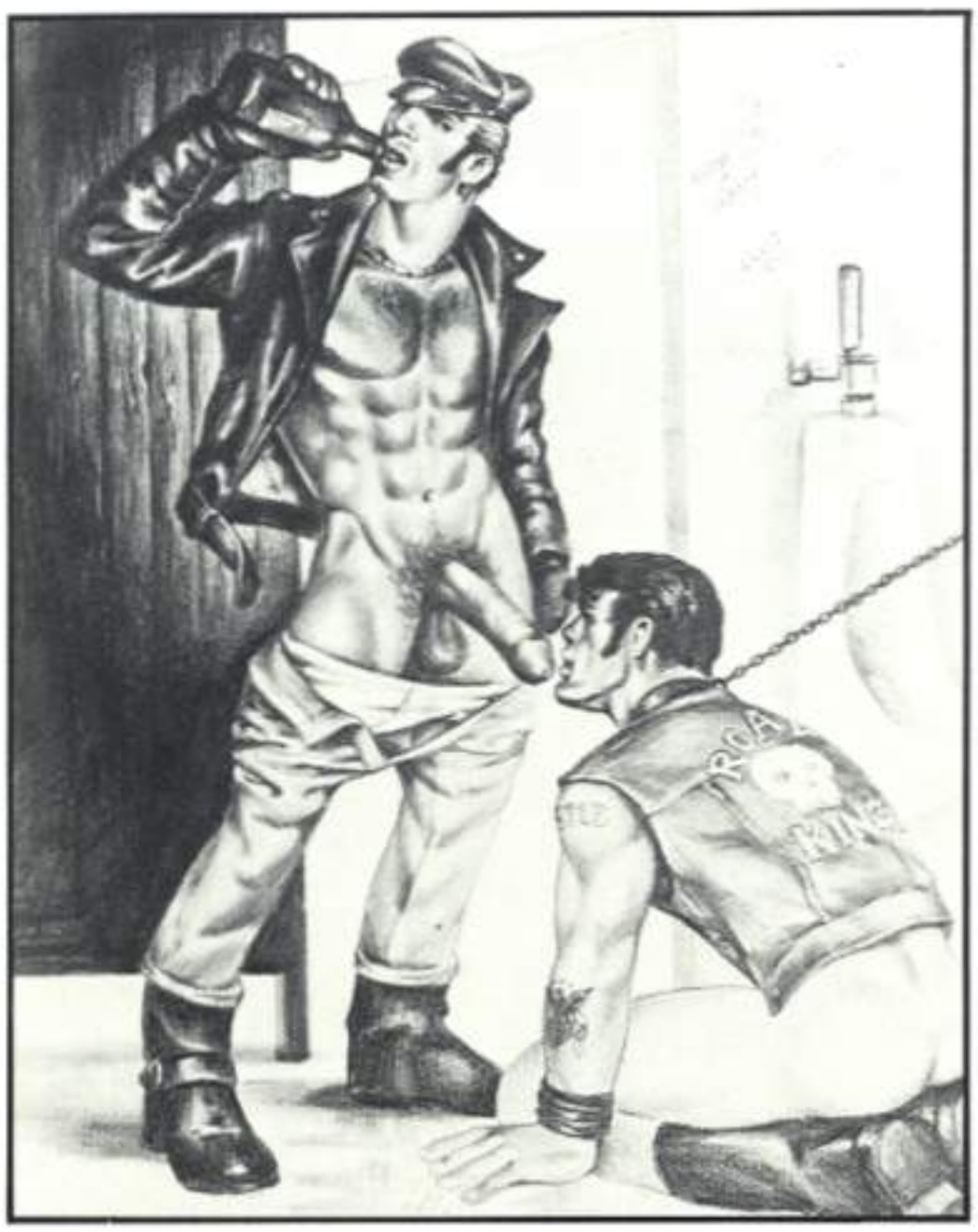
San Francisco drew Stuart Black into a bold world of macho men, and his fantasies bloomed into reality on canvas: pinks and garish greens, belts and buckles, chains and nipple-clips, leather jockstraps and dildos and cocks and balls.

"What fascinates me with the American male is his sexual honesty," Black says: "his bold display of his sexual trips, the keys, the handkerchiefs, the symbols to state preference and desires, his directness and demands . . . ."

Two of his canvas fantasies are reproduced here. And there are more. Many more.



"STILL LIFE WITH INCESSANT HUNT"



MORE ETTIENNE!

In our last issue (IN HEAT #5) we presented a dozen drawings by Chicago artist Dom Orejudos—a.k.a. Ettienne. The response was immediate: more, more, more! And so, here are two from the exciting "Leathermen" series that got crowded out of the last issue, plus, on the right, the incredible hulk Ettienne created to promote Chicago's Gold Coast bar. And if that isn't enough for you, most of Ettienne's artwork (and inexpensive prints) is available through TARGET STUDIO (P.O. Box 692, Canal Street Station, New York, NY 10013). Write for their catalog. You'll be glad you did.

Jack Wrangler vs. George Payne!

NAVY BLUE

PHOTOS BY
JOEL KUDLER

The night Jack Wrangler brought home a sailor who taught him a new way to climb the mast.

SHOOT MY PICTURE

PHOTOS BY WILLIAM HIGGINS PRODUCTIONS
from THE BOYS OF VENICE

Scott Taylor's Incredible Solo!

Wanna shoot my picture?

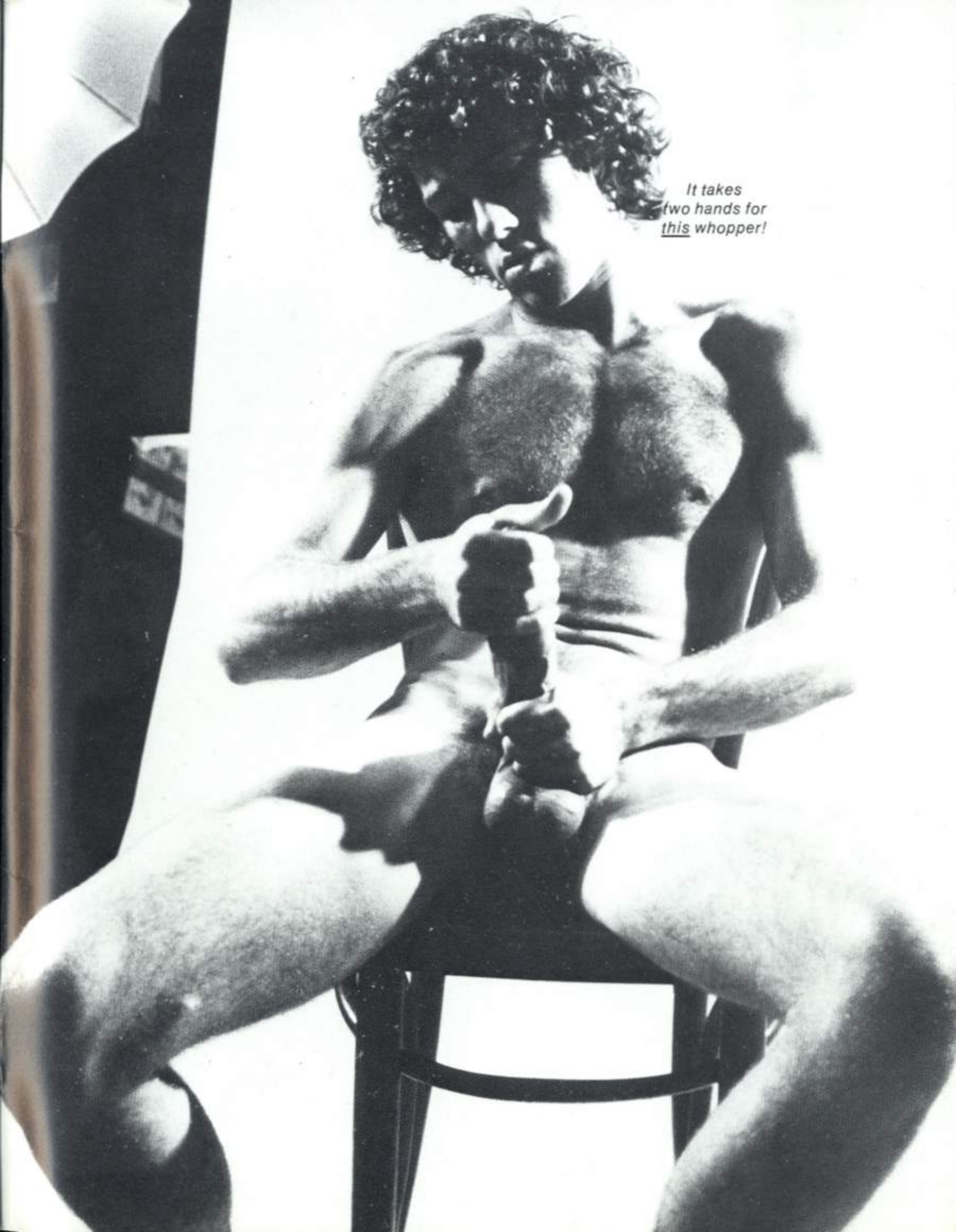
Move in real tight on it . . .

. . . so you can get a nice big closeup.

Now lemme give it a squeeze.

I'll pump it up real hard for ya.

Mmmm . . . that feels good!


It takes
two hands for
this whopper!

That's it, man.
Just lookin' at you
makes me wanna . . .

SHOOOOOT!!!

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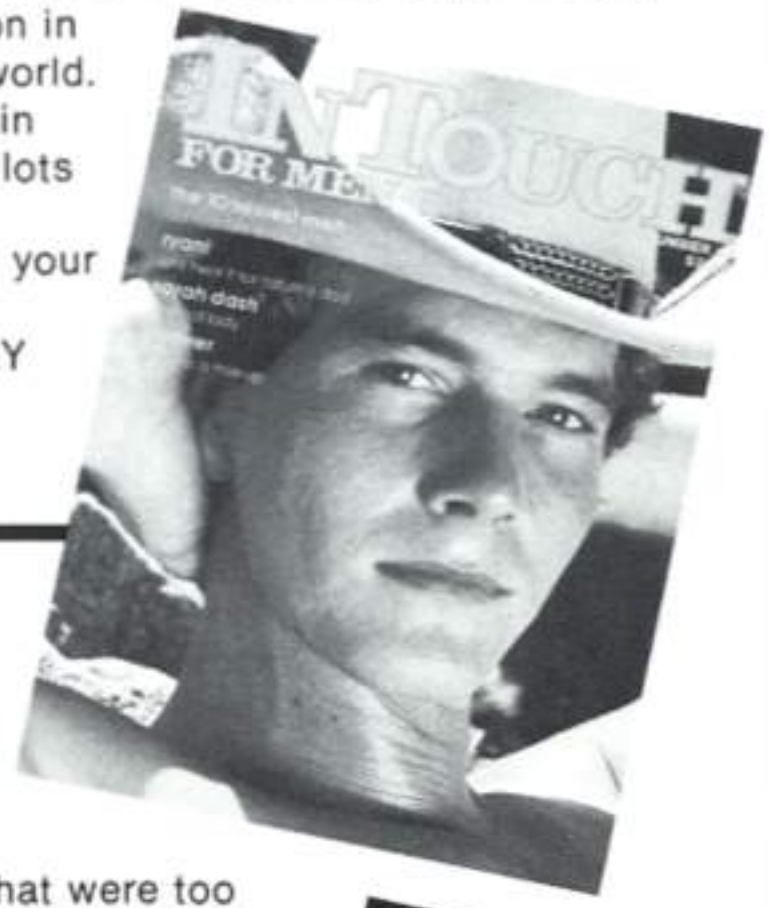
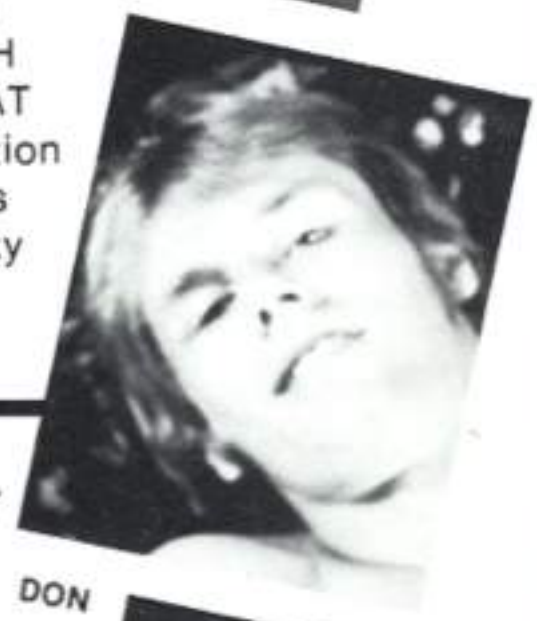
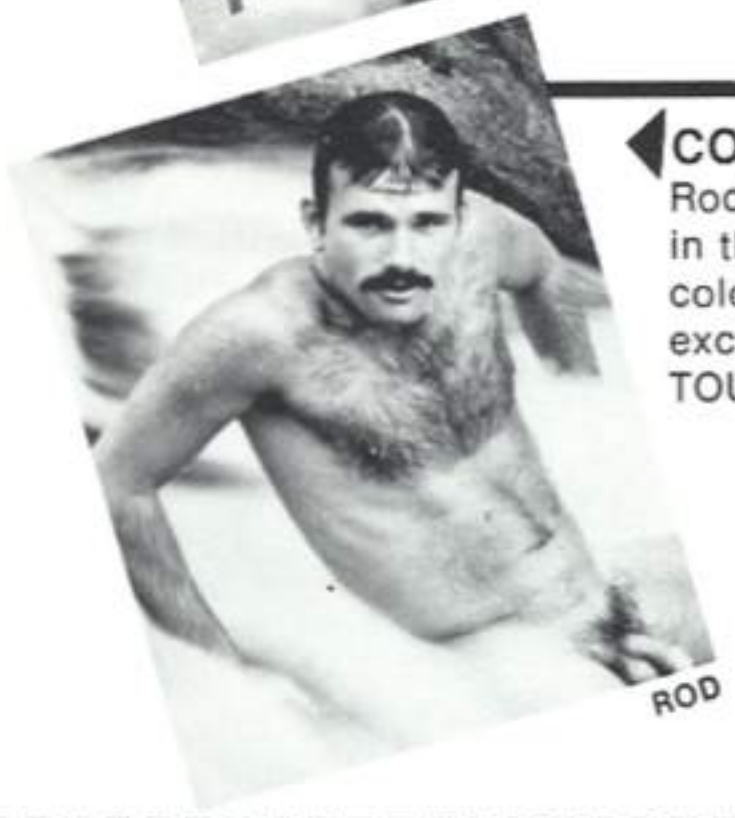


4-BURNER ACTION
If you're wondering where the action is, look no further. It's crammed into the pages of these special issues available only through the IN TOUCH ADULT LIBRARY.

Our TOO HOT TO HANDLE series features IN TOUCH For Men models in exclusive, never-before-published photos that were too explicit for IN TOUCH For Men. The IN HEAT series offers a selection of hard-action photos and art too wild, kinky or graphic for IN TOUCH For Men.





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